

NC 1320

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# How to Get By In and Out of a Small Town as a Cartoonist

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*A post graduate course for  
you---No matter what school  
trained you.*

*Containing a number of  
original stunts which enable  
you to reproduce your work  
in the smallest paper at the  
smallest cost.*

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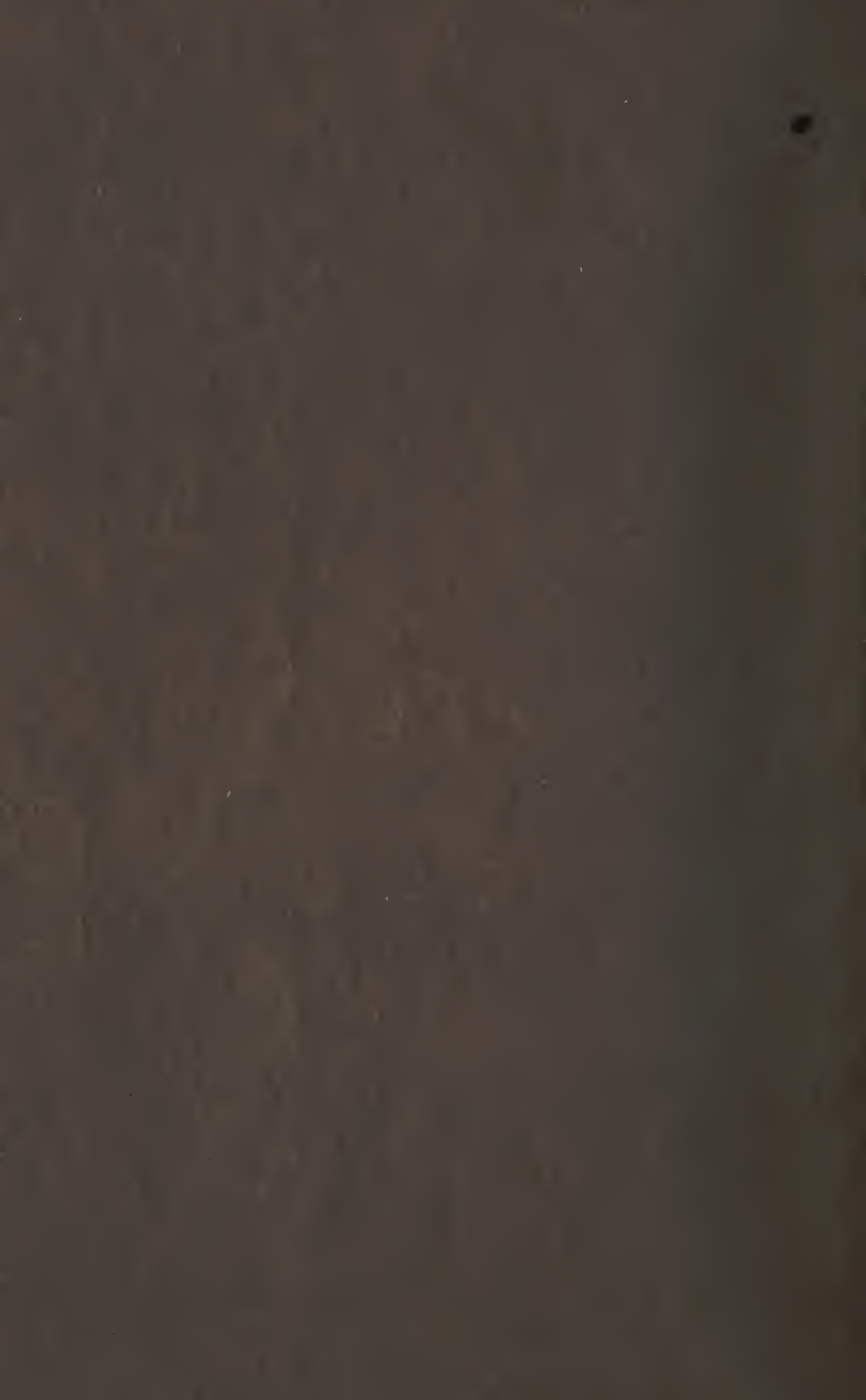


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"BILLICAN" and so can YOU

PART ONE

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# HOW TO GET BY IN AND OUT OF A SMALL TOWN —AS A CARTOONIST—

## PART ONE

*Carroll, Wilfred*



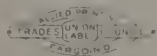
A POST GRADUATE COURSE FOR YOU RE-  
GARDLESS OF WHAT SCHOOL TRAINED YOU

NC 1321  
C. 2

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WILFRED CANAN

MAY 20 1919



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220 1



# WHO BILRICAN IS

(M. J. Connolly, Amidon News, in "The Newsboy on the Street"

"Well," the good friend asked me, "what interested you most at Bismarck?"

And I told him, "Billican."

I suppose that he thought it passing strange that after spending a week down there in the maelstrom of Nonpartisan leaguers of the state, after watching the farmer legislators making laws and making history, and after studying the efficiency of the wonderful political machine that is now controlling the destinies of this state—and making some of the powers that are in other states sit uncomfortably in their office chairs—I did not find something that held greater interest for me than this one person.

I will admit that I was mightily interested in all that I could see of what was happening around the capital, but if there is anything that can hold my interest more than any other, Billican.

I don't suppose that it is necessary for me to say that Billican is the cartoonist for the Fargo Courier-News, the North Dakota Leader and other of the league publications. I guess that almost every grown person and all of the kids in this country know him. That is, they all know his work and by his works you shall know him. His work is clever. So is Billican.

Billican is down there at Bismarck doing the legislature, mostly in one color.

The whole city of Bismarck knew the day he arrived in town. When he drove his little three-wheeled chariot into the McKenzie hotel, the band didn't play "Hail to the Chief," but there was a big chorus of N. P. leaguers who shouted, "Here's Billican."

And they gathered round to shake the hand of the fun-maker and to do homage to the little god of "Things-as-they-ought-to-be." They crowded in so close that there was danger that his little perambulator might have a tire punctured. They were eager to shake the hand that penned the pictures of the "farmer's goat" that seems to be so hard to purloin. They wanted to feel the pressure of the fingers that have fashioned the pictures of the friends and foes of the North Dakota farmers' political organization.

As soon as the traffic had cleared away the modest owner of the little hand-driven car moved on in his triumphal drive through the hotel lobby until stopped by the next friends, each one of whom seemed to feel that he was a traffic cop and that Billican was exceeding the speed limit.

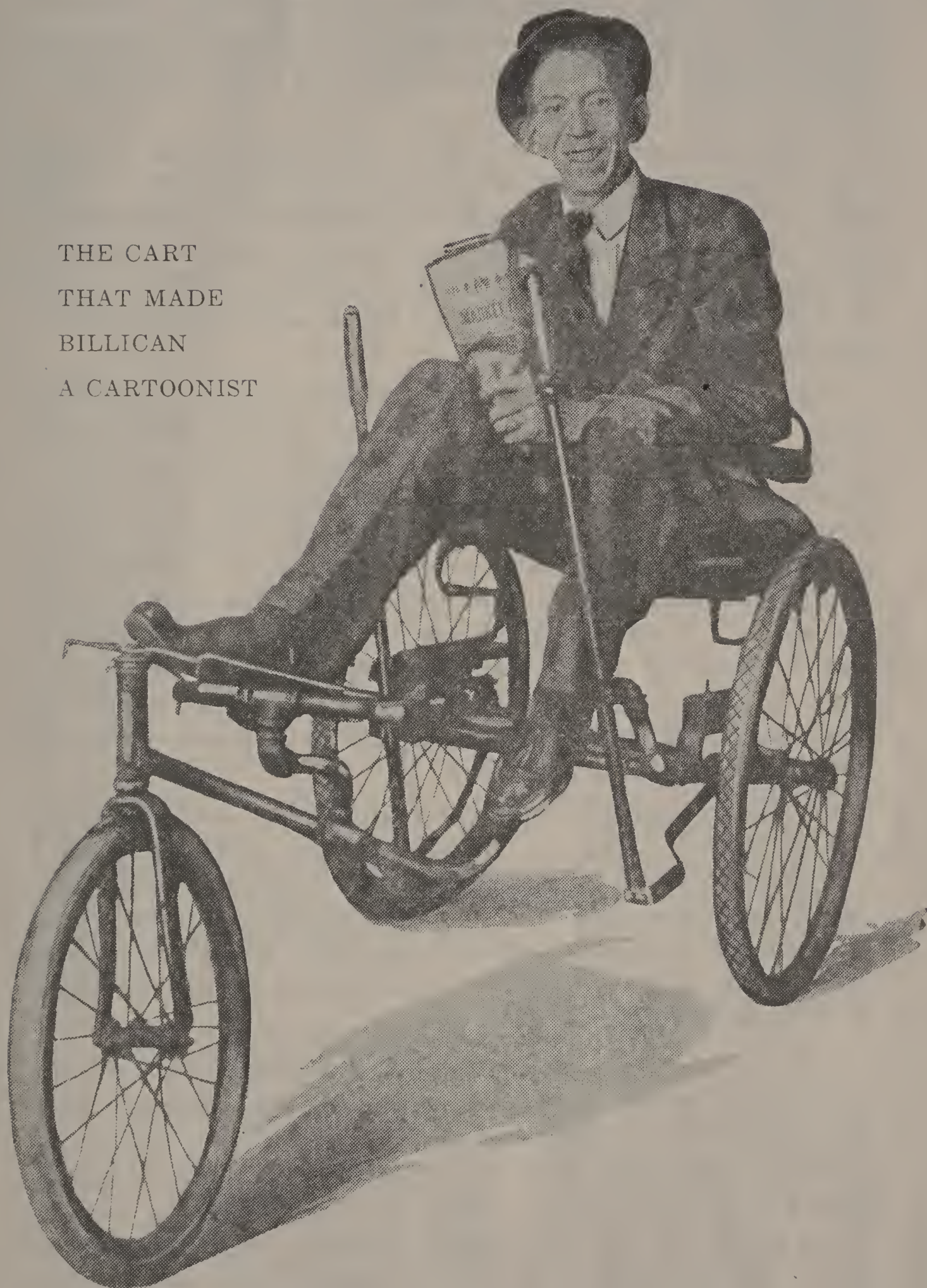
That little three-wheeled jitney interested me a great deal. It had pneumatic tires, the rear wheels being equipped with non-skids and the single front wheel with a smooth tire. The seat was high. It had two leather cushions and was provided with good springs. It looked as if it would be comfortable to ride in. Still you must not get the impression that Billican rides about in this little chariot from choice. It may be that he would really prefer to walk—if he were able. I don't know this. He didn't tell me so. He didn't tell me anything that would lead me to think that he was not entire'y contented with his lot in life and he said nothing that would lead me to believe that he felt anything was not "just as it ought to be."

When I first saw Billican I felt sorry for him. I saw the poor weak body that appeared to be so helplessly crippled. Then I talked with him and forgot all about his infirmities. Such wit; such a keen mind; eyes that took in so many details, and a wholesome humor that made these details take so many funny angles.



## My Faithful Steed Was Built for Speed

THE CART  
THAT MADE  
BILLICAN  
A CARTOONIST



The Junebug hath a golden wing  
The Mothbug hath a flame  
The Bedbug hath no wing at all  
But he gets there just the same.



I didn't ask Billican how it happened that he became crippled in body. Friend Knappen, who edits the Bismarck Palladium, says that quite a number of years ago a long seige with rheumatism twisted and racked his body and made it impossible for him to walk.

You remember it was not so long ago that it was the fad to buy those funny little statues at the stores of the God Billiken. There was a little inscription at the base of each of these figures which read that he was the "God of Things as They Ought to Be." That little inscription "ought to be" placed on the nameplate of Billican's little limousine. He lives the part.

At first I felt like disputing this philosophy in Billican's case. For a strong healthy mind like his should have the proper trappings in the way of physique to go with it, I reasoned. And then I thought that perhaps if he had a strong back he probably would be out shoveling in a sand pit, running an independent weekly newspaper in North Dakota, or working at some other such job where the aforesaid strong back is the principal requirement for efficiency. Instead, his active mind, skilled senses, artistic ability and nimble fingers are at work literally day and night in carrying ideas to the people in the clearest and most forceful manner now known to political science.

I had the pleasure of eating supper one evening at the McKenzie with Billican. One of the most enjoyable meals I ever ate too. Not only because Mine Host Patterson's new chef placed some new and palatable dishes upon the menu, but principally because of the bright and humorous conversation of the "little god of fun." He cracked about four dozen good ones during that meal.

"I have a dinger of an idea that I am going to work out on Burtness in a cartoon," he said. You see Representative Burtness of Grand Forks made a little slip in a speech the other day and addressed the gentlemen of the house as "gentlemen of the jury." That was all that was needed. If anyone can get an idea quickly Billican. His mind is pregnant with them and gives birth to many a new and original one. He told us at supper time something about what he was going to incorporate in his cartoon.



That night there was a big dance in the McKenzie. It seemed as if every guest at the hotel took part in the jollification. The music was excellent. So excellent, in fact, that those who came to scoff remained to dance. Even President Townley finally broke away from a bunch of men who had buttonholed him to find out from the chief engineer just what the big machine needed to keep it hitting on all 24 cylinders, and joined the happy throng of dancers, thereby gladdening the hearts of several of the young ladies. Yes, it was some pleasant event, and as many a representative wrote to his home folks, "a good time was had by all."

However, I didn't see Billican that night. Nor at breakfast. At dinner time though, when the rest of us ordered steaks and sich, he was there, but his dinner check called for toast and Java. In answer to questions he admitted that he had worked all through the night. At six o'clock he had cartoons all ready for the mail. Then he hit the alfalfa for a few hours.

When I got home I found the North Dakota Leader containing the cartoons he was talking about and I looked them over with a new interest, since meeting the man in whose brain box the ideas originated.

Oh, say, last week I said that I would give you some of the impressions I got of the legislature and other things at the capital. I would be glad to tell you all about what I saw and heard, but I couldn't do it with a smile. 'Billican'. He is doing the legislature in pen and ink. Let him tell you all about it in cartoons. Then you can take it with a smile—as you should everything when things are "as they ought to be."

The Newsboy.

P. S. His name is William Canan.

*( Outside of that we're all right. )*

# SQUEAK!--SCRAPE!--OH-HUM

*Business of making a bow—Shuffling of the right foot and clearing the throat.*

## AN APOLOGY

An advertisement which appeared in "Cartoons Magazine" some time ago was responsible for a number of letters from ambitious cartoonists who were trying to get started in face of numerous obstacles which I had evidently or seemingly overcome. At first I was content to answer the letters as I received them, giving the result of my experience and a little encouragement to each as the spirit moved me, and was surprised to learn the appreciation and great desire each had for a more detailed account of the stunts I employed in bridging the gap between the small town and the field of national interest. Naturally a book of this kind would be expected to come from one of the famous "32" whose names are trickling from every tongue, rather than from an unknown and still struggling knight of the crow quill—but on second thought isn't it reasonable to suppose that the subject could be better handled by one who has not forgotten the little details that tend to discourage the beginner?

Rather than deprive your library of a "super-valuable" work, I will assume that you agree with me, and continue.

My experience has led me to believe that there is a stretch of the cartoonist's path which is unpaved, devoid of sign-posts—a wilderness where many are lost—chance being their only means of rescue.

Determination and necessity have, of course, helped some thru to the sunny side—I feel sure they were the team that won the race for me. But many a clever, young ink-slinger lacks both and wanders off on a trail which is more easily traveled, but which ends abruptly—a solid wall of resistance—all their bridges burned behind them—haunted forever by a voice from within—"you missed your calling."



A Reproduction of a Talcum Cut or Chalk Plate  
Original Size

most lies. You are to do was  
ed on the floors of congress, would be sure to know no.

**BONE DRY!**



The "Billican"

A LITTLE TOM AND JERRY FOR LESS THAN A PENNY!

With the beginning of the greatest age in the history of the world, the demand for cartoonists will be increased if for no other reason than the lack of war news, and I would be happy to see a cartoonist working on every daily paper in the United States, be it ever so small—in spite of the syndicates, which can never get that home flavor in their service.

Therefore my aim is to blaze a direct trail thru this seeming impenetrable forest of obstacles and pave the way to success for many—so many that a traffic cop will be needed to keep them marching single file—and if but one lone pilgrim reaches the “shine”, I shall feel paid in full for my work in preparing, illustrating and publishing this little book, whose title O-2-B “The Missing Link.”

“BILLICAN.”

---

J M BAER  
1ST DIST NORTH DAKOTA

House of Representatives U. S.

Washington, D. C. Apr. 17, 1918

16  
Billican, Cartoonist,  
North Dakota Leader,  
Fargo, N. D.

Dear Friend:

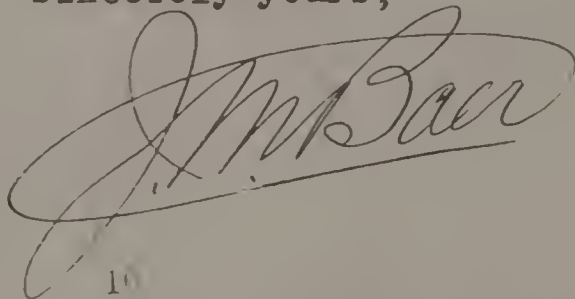
I have noticed a great improvement in your cartoons in some of the recent issues of the North Dakota Leader and I am delighted to see the splendid work you are doing for our great cause. It seems to me that you are taking more pains in developing your figures and the attitudinal and facial expressions are excellent.

I do not have much time to write my fellow cartoonists but when I note such a marked improvement I cannot hesitate in complimenting one on such splendid work.

Wishing you continued success and hoping to see you soon, I am

Sincerely yours,

JMB/O



16



# MISERY LOVES COMPANY

## A LITTLE PERSONAL HISTORY

Dire necessity does not always appear to be responsible for the average cartoonist's success. Oftentimes I have heard or read that "they just couldn't help it"—not could I. I loved the work and enjoy it as much as the other fellow, but must admit that the everlasting yearning for the little conveniences that make life worth living, of which I was sorely in need, acted as an effective spur and may have kept me galloping along the way while others would have been satisfied to trot or walk—or stand still.

After passing 25 years of my life under the impression that I should some day rise to the heights of gang boss over a crew of machinists, fate stepped in and I stepped out. A number of things happened to me and after the battle was over I couldn't even sit up to take notice and found that I'd be lucky if I ever did anything more athletic than roll my eyeballs. By degrees I recovered until I could sit up, use my hands and grin.

For some time I was satisfied but the desire for money to provide the little means of pleasure and pastime, plus pride and an independent spirit, caused me to wonder what was to become of me in the future. My folks were occupied furnishing the necessities of life, with no surplus to finance my different plans of becoming an author, lawyer, musician, composer, advertising specialist and in fact everything that didn't require much walking—or work.

I studied advertising sections of all magazines but found no offers of promise until I became interested in cartoons. I learned that \$20 was all I needed to become a trained cartoonist, capable of earning any amount from \$30 a week to fifteen—aye, thousands of dollars per annum. I had no money and knew instinctively that my folks were unable to furnish the amount required.

About the time I was ready to give up hope an editorial by Dr. Frank Crane gave me a new start. He seemed to speak to me and encourage me and I felt that a man who could write such an article would surely help me. I wrote him and he not only sent me sufficient money to enroll with the school that "has the reputation", but enabled me to have a tricycle built which took me out into the sunshine after two years of "indoor sports".

About this time I learned that if one was determined to help himself everyone was willing to assist him. I worked incessantly on the lessons sent me and a few months later was competent to draw the figure of a man without someone asking "What is it?"



*I'd rather have a big job in a small town than a small job in a big town.*

#### ALL GREAT MEN HAIL FROM "SQUEEDUNK"

I was living in a small town whose population was 15,000 when everybody was home. One daily paper and two weekly "rags" connected the natives with the outside world. I, of course, had no intention of wasting my time and talent on so small and illiterate group of hayseeds—I was ripe for a metropolitan field—and the question to decide was whether I should like New York or Chicago. I decided on New York—later I condescended to consider Chicago.

My star was doing the dip and dragging my little wagon along at a rapid rate—Haley's comet had nothing on us for speed. My only consolation was that I kept even—I received as many drawings as I sent away. The composite of the replies received from art editors all over the country read, "Get started on your home paper—you must creep first—get a reputation outside of the family circle."

I had displayed a few of my brain children about town and was surprised (now that I think of it) that the editor of the Daily Dispute had not courted me. Perhaps he was a little backward, due to the difference of our respective positions in my scale of what was necessary to the building of the "Fourth Estate".

However, I would deign to call on him. “My boy, your work has a great deal of merit I’m sure. You have a promising career before you. Why don’t you send some of your stuff to the city papers?” Good night! Foolish question.

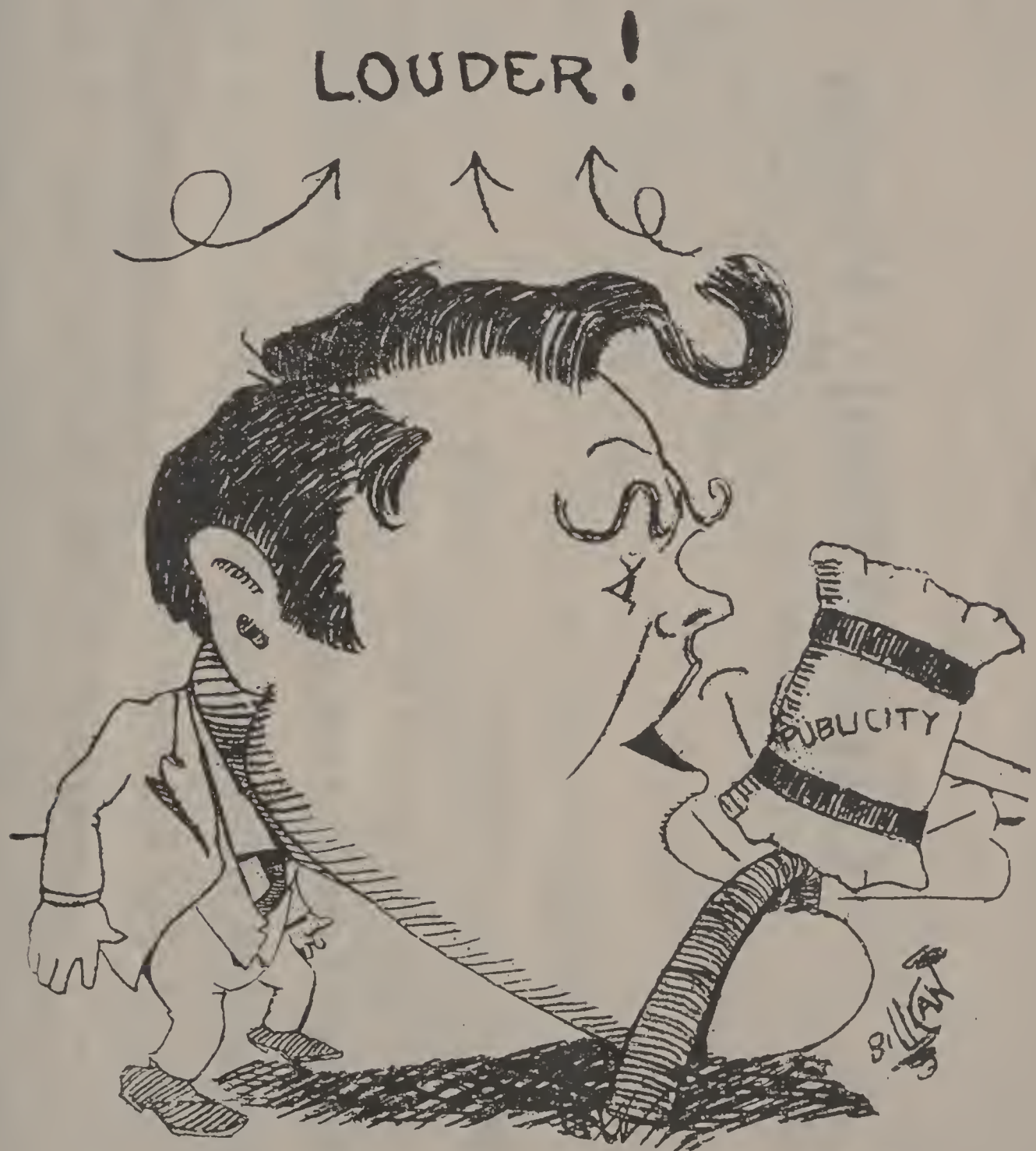
Well, I explained that the mailman on our route had become hump-backed carrying my drawings back home, and the general opinion of all the editors in the world was that I ought to work for HIM. Then came the blow that cleared my attic of all the cobwebs—the paper had no engraving plant, and the price of etching was prohibitive—my salary not included.

The paper I had to start on could not employ me because it had not means of reproducing my work—the papers that had the necessary paraphernalia did not want me! Betwixt the devil and the deep blue sea!

THERE ARE THREE  
WAYS TO ‘GET BY’  
BILLICAN  
SO CAN YOU



SHOW THIS CUT TO THE EDITOR  
OF YOUR HOME PAPER AND LET  
HIM READ YOUR BOOK.



That's One Way

# Capital Daily Press

Published Every Morning Except Monday at 116 Fifth Street, Bismarck,  
North Dakota

By H. P. KNAPPEN

3/4/19

To Whom It May Concern:

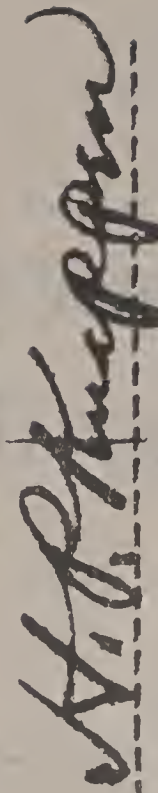
This is to certify that I have had an excellent opportunity of examining the merits of the chalk-plate system of engraving employed by William Canan, better known as "Billlican," and I thoroughly believe every small newspaper should be in possession of the simple system of making out, as exemplified by Mr. Canan. "Billlican" worked with us on the Capital Daily Press for seven weeks, and there isn't a question but that his cartoons were ~~###~~ one of the biggest

ALL OF WHICH —



factors, if not THE biggest factor, in making the paper a success.

William Canan, as his sobriquet would imply, is a true disciple of the "God of Things as They Ought to Be." If he makes a cut for you, it will be made as cuts ought to be made; if he teaches you his system of making cuts, he will teach you to make cuts as they ought to be made. The cuts made by Mr. Canan's chalk-plate system are clear and sharp, and print perfectly on any sort of a press, and we never had the least bit of trouble with any of them--nor with "Billlican."

  
-----  
Editor and Manager Capital  
Daily Press and Burleigh Co.  
Farmers Press.

**PROVES THAT BILLICAN  
SO CAN YOU**

Give the cut on the opposite  
page the double-O

---

---

Isn't It a Dandy?

---

---

It took about thirty minutes  
and it cost the boss about  
two cents.



Observe the Clear, Sharp Lines and Detail

(Two-thirds Original Size)



--- YOU CAN DO IT ---

STATE OF NORTH DAKOTA  
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR  
BISMARCK

LYNN J. FRAZIER  
GOVERNOR

March 1, 1919.

O 2 B Billican,  
c/o Nonpartisan Leader,  
Fargo, North Dakota.  
My dear Billican:

Your letter at hand. Glad to hear that you had arrived at Fargo safely, but I assure you that we miss your cartoons in the Daily Press.

Your chalk plate engravings were certainly very good and the process was a wonder to me. I can see no reason why it should not be used in many of the progressive up-to-date papers that can not afford to not avail themselves of cartoons under the old process.

With best wishes for success in this work, I am  
Yours very truly,

Lynn J. Frazier



# THE TOWN PERISCOPE

BY  
U. B. D.

BILLICAN'S gone home.  
AND LEFT ME AND .  
THE REST OF the gang.  
AND THE legislature.  
ALL ALONE.  
AND NOBODY'S left to.  
DRAW CARTOONS anymore.  
TO RAZOO the old gang or.  
PLEASE THE public.  
OR TO DRAW pitchers.  
OF ALL good.  
LEAGUERS for the.  
NORTH DAKOTA Leader.  
AND WE'RE ALL lonesome.  
AND WISHIN' Billy was.  
BACK AGAIN TO DRAW for  
US AND eat with us.  
AND KEEP US ALL feelin'.  
CHEERY LIKE he always.  
IS himself.  
AND NOW I guess.  
YOU'RE ALL wonderin' who.  
DREW THIS allèged cartoon.



OF BILLY AND I ain't too.  
MODEST TO SAY it was.  
ME. YESSIR, I DID it with.  
MY LITTLE pencil.  
AND JUST BEFORE Billy.  
WENT HE gave me some.  
LESSONS IN cartooning.  
AN' ALL THAT and Knap.  
AND SAM AND WALTER and.  
THE REST ALL wanted Billy.  
TO DRAW A cartoon of.  
HIMSELF LEAVING and I.  
VOLUNTEERED to make it.  
INTO A CUT AND he was.  
AFRAID IF HE made something.  
WITH A LOT OF lines in it.  
THAT I WOULD gum the whole.  
MESS SO he drew a cartoon of.  
HIMSELF. CART, HAT, TIE, goat.  
AND ALL THAT was so simple.  
YOU WOULD HAVE had to label.  
IT BECAUSE HONEST IT was.  
ROTTEN, SO JUST to show.  
BILLY I'M AN apt pupil.  
I TOOK IT into my hands.  
TO DRAW MY own and that's.  
WHAT YOU saw.  
AND JUST to prove I wasn't.  
KIDDIN' OR copyin here's a.  
PICTURE OF his goat.

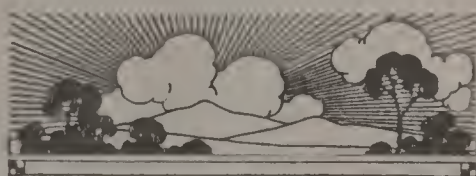


I THANK YOU.

(The above is self explanatory and proves how easy and simple the method is.)

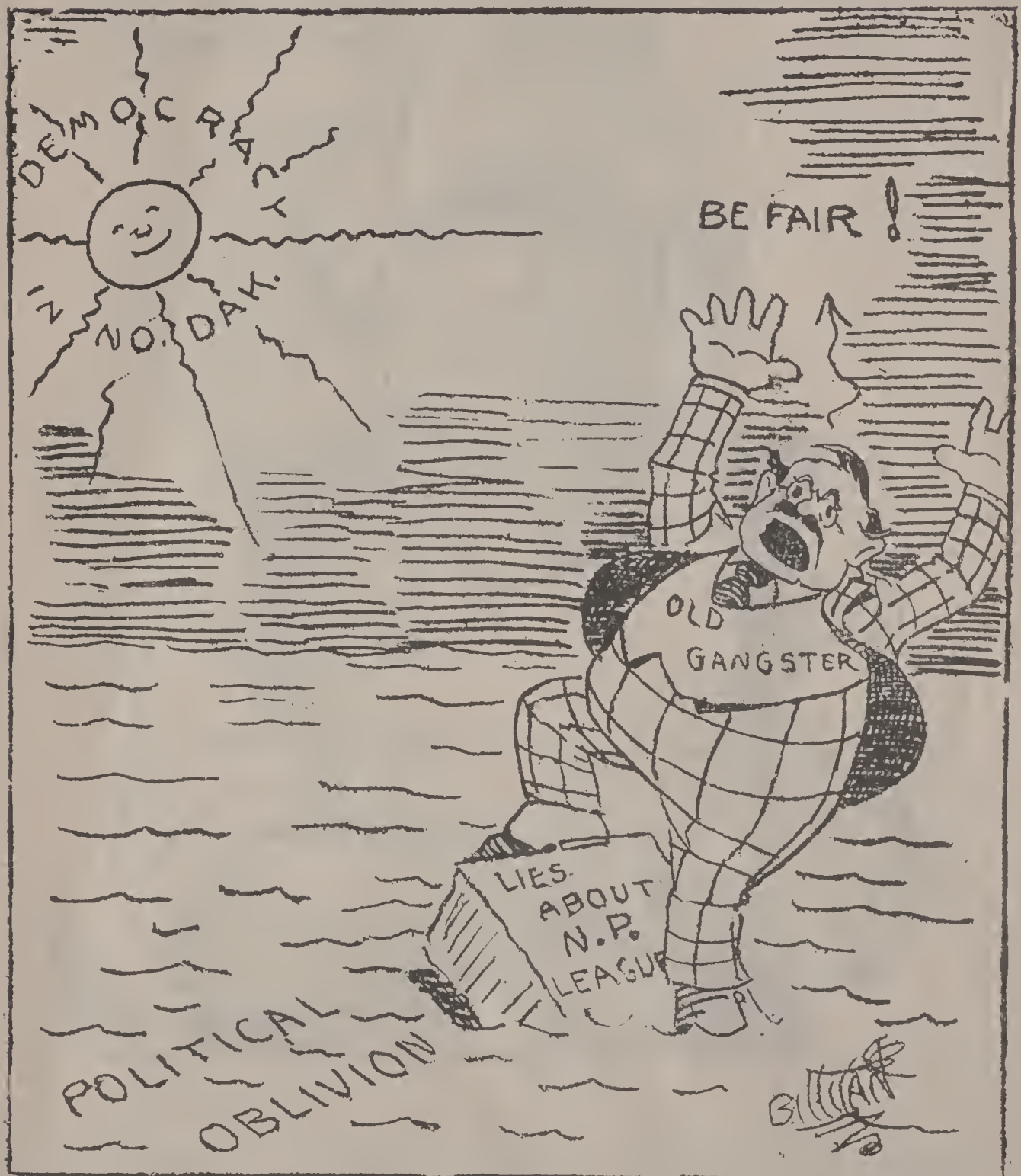


**C** Ask any cartoonist you know--what the engravers dead line is--he'll tell you usually four hours before press time **C** With this method you can work up to one hour before press time! Show this to the editor.



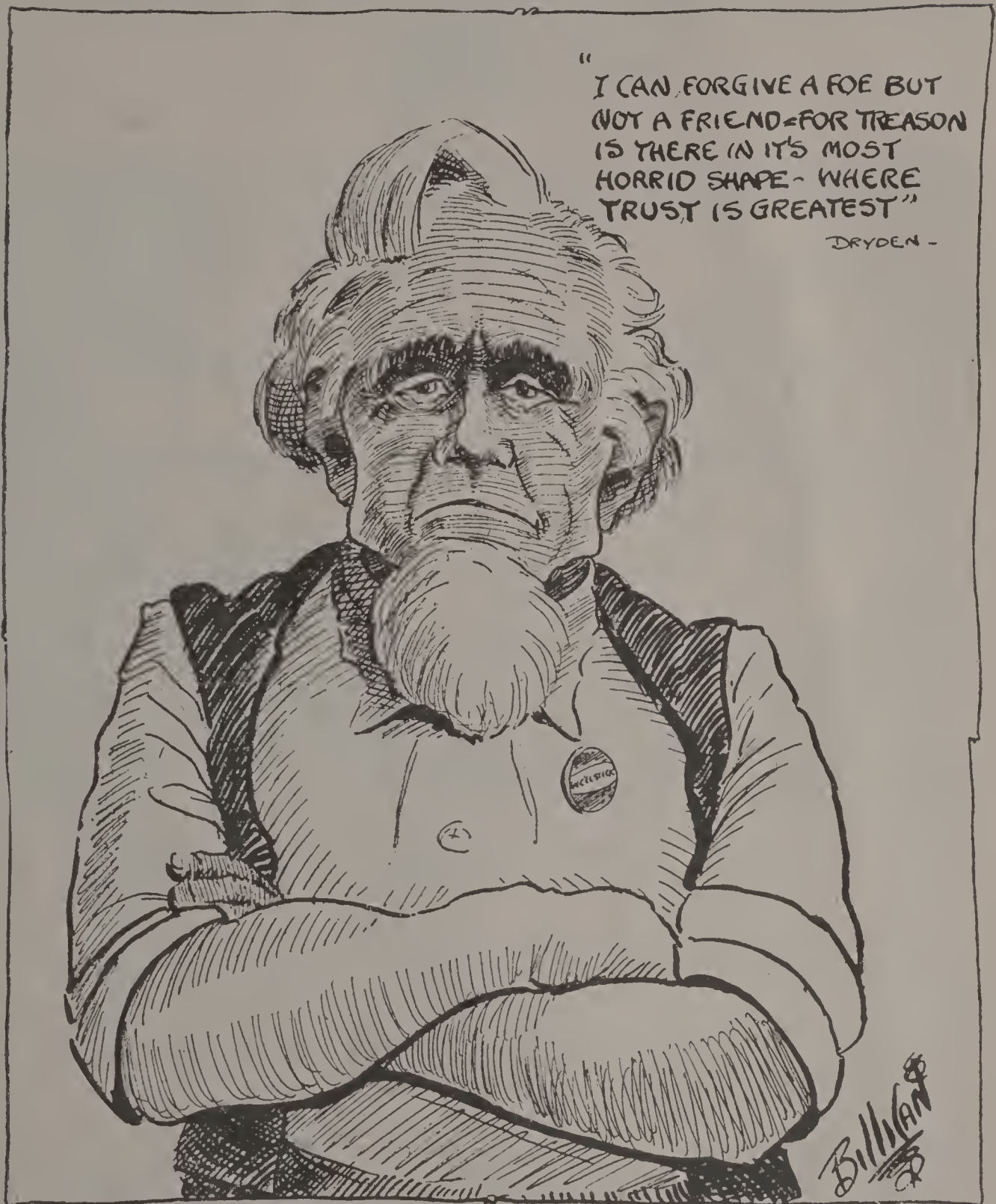


A simple picture which told a big story—  
with a punch.



(Two-thirds original size)

# To Whom it May Concern



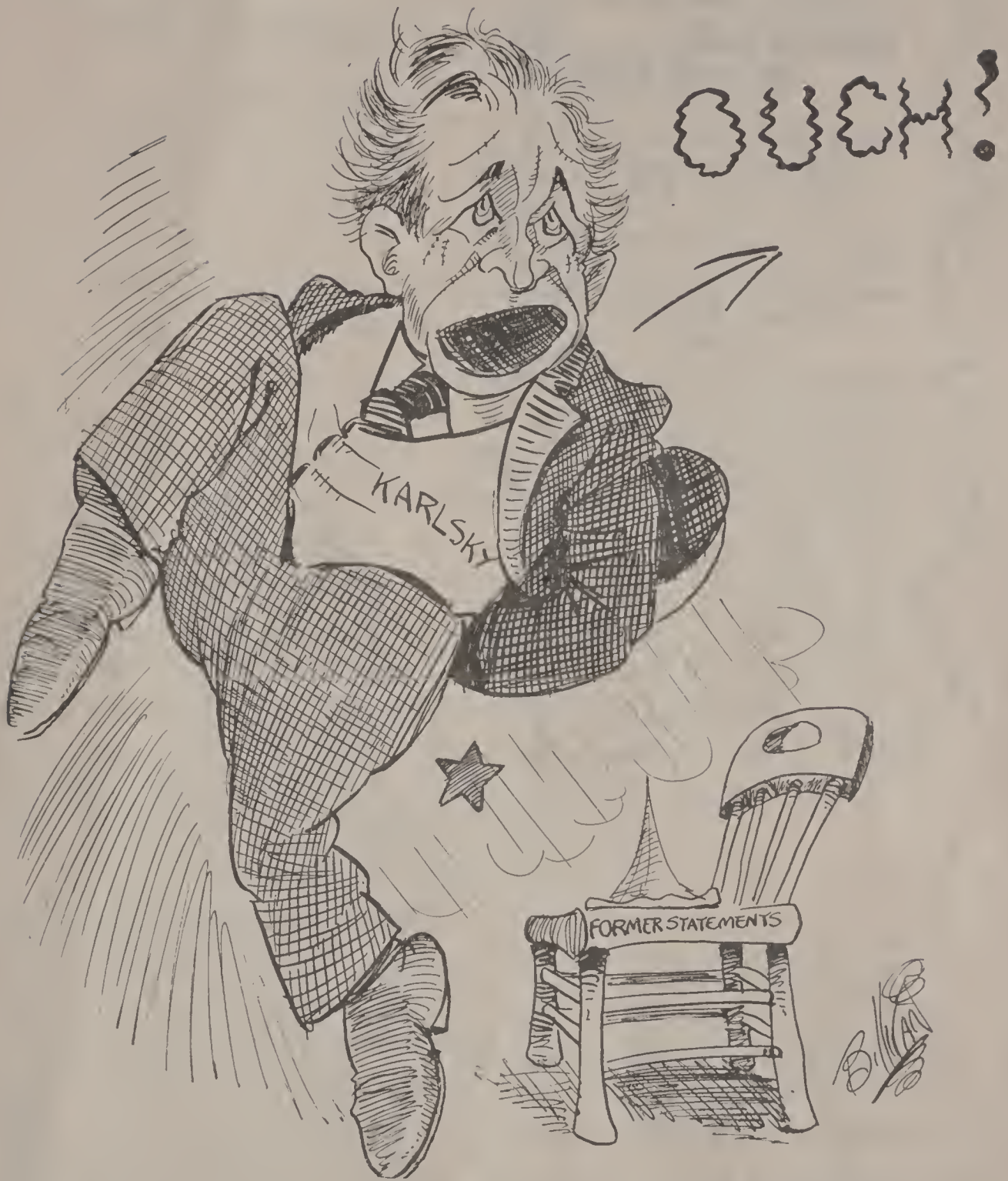
(N. D. Leader)

One of my latest efforts in pen and ink

(N. D. LEADER CIRCULATION 50,000)



## Go Sitsky On a Taxsky



(Fargo Courier-News)

You will notice that my pen drawings contain very little superfluous detail—Thanks to Chalk Plates.

COURIER-NEWS CIRCULATION 15,000

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1917

## BILlican BACK TO DESK AGAIN

Wilfred Canan, Local Cartoonist,  
Lands Position on Courier-  
Herald of Fargo, N. D.

### HIS STYLE LIKE McCUTCHEON

Has a Dry, Happy Humor and Showed  
His Mettle in Cartoons in  
Local Papers

Wilfred Canan, well known by his  
nome de plume of "Billican," a local  
cartoonist of considerable ability who  
for a time had the front page of the  
Daily Journal Press of Brainerd, has  
accepted a position with the Courier-  
Herald of Fargo and leaves for that  
city tonight.

Canan has originality and is an ex-  
pert in line drawing, following the  
style of McCutcheon. He shows a  
dry humor in his treatment of things  
as befits a man who comes from In-  
dian territory country at Brainerd.  
Canan gained his art education by  
hard work and his friends are sure  
he will make good with his pencil.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS  
LATER—IT'S ANOTHER  
STORY. I OWE IT TO  
STARTING ON A SMALL  
PAPER AND CHALK  
PLATES.

AUGUST TENTH

I ARRIVED IN NORTH  
DAKOTA—A TOTAL  
STRANGER.

PRESS

### BILlican AND HIS PEN TO "DO" THE LEGISLATURE

Among the arrivals from Fargo to  
spend the next few weeks in Bismarck  
is "Billican," cartoonist and sketch  
artist for the North Dakota Leader,  
National Nonpartisan Leader and the  
Fargo Courier News.

"Billican" is probably known to  
more people in North Dakota than any  
man who has ever lived in the state,  
and this being the first opportunity  
most of his admirers have had of  
meeting him, he has been the real cen-  
ter of attraction for the past few  
days.

"Billican"—whose real name used to  
be William Canan—suffered an unfor-  
tunate illness from rheumatism a few  
years ago, which left him almost help-  
lessly crippled. As soon as he was  
able to be moved at all he took up  
a course in pen drawing and cartoon-  
ing, and how well he has succeeded  
in making a place for himself among  
the foremost liberal cartoonists of the  
nation, North Dakota people are well  
prepared to judge.

He will do sketch work for the  
Leader, Courier-News and Grand  
Forks American during the present  
session, and has invented a scheme of  
chalk plate sketching for the Capital  
Daily Press, which the readers will  
have a chance to see within a few  
days.

Aside from being a cartoonist of  
ability, "Billican" is a real Nonparti-  
san in every breath he draws, and  
there are no more enthusiastic boost-  
ers for the program of real democ-  
racy in North Dakota than this tal-  
ented artist who has told in vivid  
word pictures the story of the down-  
fall of the "Big Business" interests in  
the Flickertail state.

### FARGO MAYOR WATCHES THE WHEELS TURN AT THE CAPITOL

Mayor Alex Stern of Fargo spent  
- in Bismarck attending to  
and watching the



# WHICH PROVES THAT BILLICAN

By PHILO, *Courier-News*, Fargo, N. D.

Billican, god of fun, for things as they ought to be, and a contraction of the name Bill Canan, is the pen name which identifies the cartoons of Wilfred Canan, staff cartoonist of the Fargo Daily Courier-News, whose work also appears in all the Nonpartisan dailies and weeklies in about ten states and reaching approximately 300,000 readers.

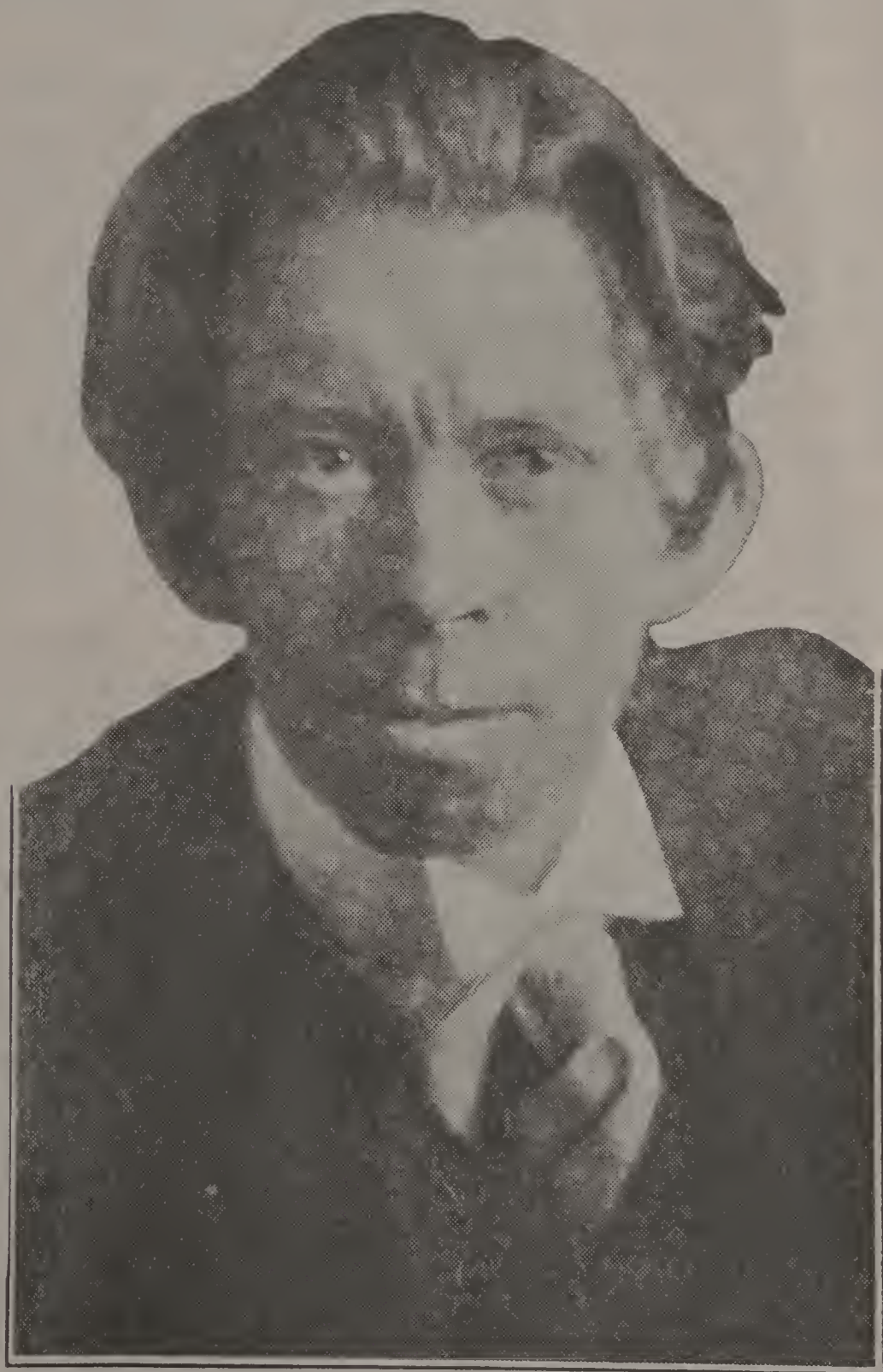
Billican's only known enemy is old man Rheumatism, against whom he has fought for years with the result Billican locomotors about the city in a one-man power wheel chair, but he is still in the ring. Billican is endowed with an indomitable spirit that will never take the count until the grim reaper catches him off guard and gets in the final wallop. He is a sunny souled fellow, or rather, we might better say that Billican's soul is flooded with moonlight, as he is asleep most of the time while the sun is on duty and does his best work in the wee, sma' hours, after the gathering of friends who invade his studio nightly until midnight, have gone with Morpheus to the Ostermoor.

With a natural talent for drawing, a fine training and a wealth of experience, Billican is a cartoonist who is prolific of clever and original ideas. He has a serious purpose supported on a fund of humor, and while he has not risen to fame over-night, he has utilized the nights to a great extent in his climb up the ladder of success. The first rung in the ladder was a country monthly for which Billican did home-made zinc etchings, solicited ads, wrote copy and even essayed editorials. This was followed by a rung of chalk plate work for a small town "weakly", which gave way under the strain of his efforts, but not until he had grasped the next rung. He finally landed on a daily that was well established and which survived.

Billican has a great capacity for work and during the first few months of his incumbency on the Fargo daily and other nonpartisan papers he ground out cartoons at the rate of from 30 to 35 a week ranging from one to three columns. He had the ideas but the time was limited and the quantity of work so great that his interpretation of an idea usually consisted of dipping the pen in the ink and shaking

it threateningly at the Bristol. The result was that the obtuse editors, failing to grasp the idea which he was supposed to be illustrating, tied a can on Billican and gave him two weeks notice in which to seek new pastures. However, Billican was never really amputated from the pay roll for during the two weeks when he was supposed to be tramping the streets in search of employment he shut himself up in his studio and drew one cartoon which resulted in his being retained on the paper at an increase in salary and a written acknowledgement that his work has improved 200 per cent, which we claim was some rapid improvement.

---



Yours for Things as They O 2 B



# A POUND OF CHALK MAKES PEOPLE TALK

SO.

When I think of the number of schools in the United States training cartoonists and the very few cartoonists who are really active, I am convinced that 90 per cent of the students turned out find themselves in this position—all dressed up and no place to go, so to speak.

Therefore, I shall consider it more than worth while if I can be the means of assisting a small portion of my fellows to get started at a most interesting profession.

I am sure that I would have been very glad and willing to have paid well for the information compiled in Part Two of this little book for it has cost me many hours of hard unappreciated labor, many times the price in material used experimenting and lastly a considerable sum to publish what I considered a post graduate course for ambitious students regardless of what school trained them.

There isn't a progressive newspaper man whose circulation is over one thousand who will not be interested in you and my little inexpensive method of producing the local affairs of the day in pictorial form. Few towns are without a daily paper or two—one or the other needs you—neither can afford to let the other get you.

If there should be an exception you then have the picture show house to try out and incidently prove your value to the skeptical editor, if necessary.

Part Two is written in the same simple manner as Part One, introducing and explaining a number of stunts, any one of which is worth the sum asked. Most important are my methods of making French chalk or Talcum plates, similar to the samples contained in this book, a simple and somewhat improved method with which at little cost you can produce a cartoon each day in your home paper—a process which can be handled by the most inexperienced as is shown in the "Town Periscopists" effort. He, one U. B. D., watched the

operation a few times and was successful to the extent of his ability to draw.

The method is different from all others as steel engraving tools which give that unpleasant mechanical appearance to some of the chalk artists' work are not really necessary. A hard lead pencil was all I ever needed, and my finished results generally have the appearance of crayon pencil drawing.

A simple formula for preparing lantern slides at little cost and instructions with a few other little tricks are the contents of Part Two.

The "How" to the little success I have had so far is your's for FIVE DOLLARS' worth of Uncle Sam's blue or green paper. If you are expecting something bound in morocco with deckled edges do not order as you will be disappointed, but if 'the word to the wise' which is sufficient, in a simple inexpensive form is worth FIVE DOLLARS to you ORDER NOW.

If, after you have given the method a trial you feel that it is worth more, you may send me the difference provided that it does not exceed one hundred dollars, as I do not need the money and value my incentive to keep on climbing the ladder before you. I am not afraid to tell you that my salary ranges from sixty to one hundred dollars a week now whereas two and one half years ago I was rated at six dollars per—this in itse'f ought to make you itch. Further, my readers today number four hundred thousand directly against fifteen hundred, two years and a half ago.

THE KEY TO THE DOOR IS NOT MADE OF GOLD,  
JUST ORDINARY 'METTLE'. TELL THE POSTMASTER  
TO SPELL IT

**B-I-L-L-I-C-A-N**

ADDRESS IT TO 123 THE DONALDSON, FARGO, N. D,  
And upon receipt of same, Part Two will be mailed to you.



If you have no drawing ability or are under sixteen years of age Part Two will not be of any interest to you. It contains no drawing lessons and has no magic power to transform child wonders into famous cartoons

THE END  
——— OF THE ———  
BEGINNING

*HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST  
DO IT NOW*

















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